

Stallion and Mare (Couple to TG'd Horses, Breeding)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

Britney and her boyfriend Leon are animal enthusiasts intent upon learning about a long-extinct breed of horses that allegedly once lived in the plains of southwest USA. While there, a spirit offers them a chance to revive the horses, which Britney eagerly jumps at. But neither is quite prepared to literally become a new breeding pair of horses, or to find that they are not the gender they expected to be anymore.

Commissioned (with permission) as another take on Kate Marquet's excellent story 'Stepping Up'.

Stallion and Mare

The southwestern plains stretched across the horizon, the national parklands here one of the few places where such beauty still existed on such a scale. It was a beautiful midday, and the sun was shining through a mere scattering of clouds upon the verdant fields and distant mountains. Britney took a deep breath, taking in the gorgeous sight before her. She'd been here more than a few times, but the park's beauty still blew her away. In fact, thanks to her reason for being here, it was like seeing it again for the first time, through a totally different lens. A lens that took her back to what this landscape might have looked like over five thousand years ago.

"They were here, and we never knew until recently," she said to herself, her soft voice carrying on the wind.

Britney was a young woman of just twenty three, with slightly olive skin that coped well in the sun. Her dark hair was silky and straight, but was done up in a professional ponytail to avoid it fluttering in the wind. She was conventionally attractive, with a nice hourglass figure and modest breasts, and because she maintained a high level of fitness she also had the appealing musculature and thick thighs that often drew male attention. At 5'7 she was about average height for a woman, perhaps just a little taller, but her enthusiasm, zest, and decisive nature often meant that others took her to be taller, and certainly even larger than life. She loved nature, and dressed to explore it: she wore functional khaki shorts and a green hiking top, and had a broad brim hat to shield her from the sun, though her skin was olive enough to take it better than her boyfriend.

Not that he even noticed the sun, or what she'd just said. The snoring figure beside her in the four-wheel drive couldn't exactly hear her words, and that was just fine by her.

She smirked at him. "Oh, Leon, your ability to fall asleep in any vehicle, no matter the situation, always makes me marvel."

He was a good compliment to her. Handsome, muscular, and with a cute permanent shadow on his jaw that she loved to feel. Leon was only a year older than her, and they had met while studying at university. He had a paler complexion, with bright ginger hair and adorable freckles that he claimed was from his Irish heritage, not that he knew his actual heritage since he'd been a foster kid. Still, he was very laidback and easy, which worked nicely with her own take-charge personality, and the pair had come to love one another and enjoy their many trips to the outdoors.

She considered waking him, but decided against it. She wished to take in this imagined visual she had superimposed upon the land before her. That ancient time when the *Plainswalker* breed had swept across the North American continent, congregating particularly along the south-western region. Until just recently, it had been assumed that horses on the continent had died out with the Dinohippus, millions of years ago. But new fossilised evidence in the region had instead revealed that a separate genus, a descendent of the extinct Dinohippus, had flourished until just about seven thousand years ago. It was likely hunted to extinction much like its prehistoric ancestor, and its migration patterns likely supported significant herds judging from the heaps of bones found. But due to the lack of many specimens found, the general assumption was that they never numbered in more than the thousands, likely due to the conditions of the land at the time, or perhaps because of the requirements of their diet. Scientists were still debating over terminology, but the moniker of the *Plainswalker* breed had become popular enough since that it was now being taken for granted as their non-Latin title.

It was a title Britney had a great liking for: she had Native ancestry, though it was far back enough and so removed from her culturally that it was more just an exciting factoid about her family history. Still, it meant she felt some affinity with the *Plainswalker* title, as she had always possessed a roaming spirit, and the notion that her ancient ancestors had seen such a noble and beautiful beast was uplifting. Moreover, she had always loved animals, hence why she was an animal studies major, and had always had a particular fascination with horses. So given all these factors, the discovery of the Plainswaker breed spurred a desire to finally explore the national parks of the south west and feel closer to those great beasts of long ago. Leon was similarly fascinated, though for different reasons. He didn't love horses like she did, but had a massive respect for species and preservation and archaeology. He was studying environmental protection and restoration, so the chance to find out more about a species that was sadly hunted to extinction was something he was interested in going along to. And, of course, he would have gone anyway. He was happy to tag along on any of Britney's adventures. He was really cool that way, she thought.

After taking in the sight, she finally decided to nudge him awake.

Then nudge him again.

Then one last time. "Hey sleepyhead, wake up! We're here!"

Leon jolted upright. "I'm awake!" he announced.

Britney chuckled, ruffling his already sleep-ruffled hair a little bit. "Welcome back to the land of the living, hot stuff."

"Well, it's a good sight to wake up to," he replied. "I had this magnificent dream, you know."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah. I was celebrating a birthday, mine I think. And this big cake gets wheeled in. And suddenly it bursts at the top, and you come out, all naked and covered in pudding - the cake was now a pudding, by the way-"

"Of course. Dream logic."

"Dream logic. Anyway, you asked me to lick it all off. So I did."

"Mhmm, nice dream. But there's just one problem."

"And what's that?" he asked, smiling as she leaned over to kiss him.

"I'm not a dessert person," she said, snatching her water bottle from next to him and pulled away from the teased kiss. Leon just looked on aghast as she opened the door and hopped out, a smug smile on her face.

"That's cruel!" he said.

"Well, maybe I'm just nicer in your dreams," she laughed.

"Well, dream Britney brings me pudding," he said, getting out of the car as well, "so there's an argument to be made there."

"Uh-huh. Well, Real-Life Britney gets you *this*."

She gestured to the gorgeous terrain before them: mountainous plains and verdant hills, forest outcroppings and winding rivers.

"Yeah, okay, I like this Britney more," Leon said, taking in the gorgeous view.

"Good, because I'd have to beat you up if you didn't. Now you should totally kiss me while the sun is peeking through that cloud on us like a shaft from heaven."

Leon looked up and admired the fact that it really did seem that a light beam from the celestial heavens was falling down on just the pair of them.

"Well, I'm still a *little* tired, so maybe a rainch-"

"Oh, come here you wonderful joker."

She pulled him to her, and they did indeed kiss passionately. It was ruined only a little by her trying not to smile too much. As tough and take-charge as she was, she liked to be enveloped in his arms and be held by him. There was something about that feeling that just couldn't be topped.

Well, except for *one* thing, and that was presently making itself known against her belly.

“Well, *hello* there,” Britney said, raising an amused eyebrow. She held Leon at arms length and looked down at the very hard bulge that was currently tenting out his shorts.

“Ah, just a routine test,” Leon joked. “I like to make sure it’s always in working order.”

“That I can see. One thing I love about you, babe, is that while you’re a heavy sleeper, when you’re awake, you’re *really* awake.”

He winked, kissed her again. “We could always have a little fun in the wild, you know? There’s no pudding, but there is a view.”

“Oh, you have no idea what a view I’m about to give you,” she said, already pulling her top off. “But if we’re gonna do this, I want to be the one riding you. I came here for horses, and I am to ride a stallion.”

“And they say my jokes are bad.”

She pushed him back playfully. “Go on, strip off babe. I want to fuck you while the light’s good.”

And she did. Leon groaned in pleasure as his girlfriend rode him. He loved how passionate, how fiery she was, and it worked well with his own easy nature. Even in sex, it turned him on how much she liked to be in control, and while he’d never expected to be a bit of a submissive type, it only made sense with Britney. And when they fucked in the wilderness, it was on a whole other level.

“Oh f-fuck, Britney. How are you g-gonna be if we manage to find a Plainswalker f-fossil or something.”

She giggled, rocking her hips against his cock. “You’ll just have to see, babe. But I’ve got my winning horse right here.”

“Ohhhhhh, that’s t-two horse puns n-now. N-not that I mind!”

But then the words died away as the passion began, and soon the pair were grunting and moaning in pleasure as they climaxed.

The hike was a long one, but there was something about post-sex energy that just got the pair fired up. Britney was in the lead - as usual - and she’d chosen the tougher overland track, the one that deviated from the traditional course so they could pass over areas where the Plainswalker fossils had been uncovered. Sure enough, they passed several digsites, abandoned now but clearly marked. There were even a few information stands further back on the trail that spoke of the discovery of this long-dead species. But Britney wanted to see them for herself, even if all the bones were gone.

“To think,” she said. “All this time we thought that horses were extinct on this continent for millions of years, and it turns out that they were here relatively recently.”

“In the grand scheme of things, yeah,” Leon said. “I would love to get my hands on a fossil. Well, my brush. I brought my kit just in case.”

“Yeah, that explains all the jangling. Planning on finding a Tyrannosaurus Rex while we’re at it?”

Leon smirked. “No. I’ll save that for the regions they traditionally inhabited, thank you very much.”

“Fossil nerd.”

“Animal dork.”

“Hot hunk.”

“Smoking hot babe.”

“Awesome dick.”

“Hypnotic ass.”

She paused, considered what he’d just set. Then, she wiggled her ass just to let him enjoy the show. “It is hypnotic, isn’t it? I’d say you won that round. You are the Insult-Compliment King, for now . . .”

“Yes!” he cheered, fist pumping the air. “Good to finally win something.”

“Well, I like to throw you a bone every so often.”

“A welcome gift to an archaeologist,” he said, barely able to contain the grin on his features.

Britney just rolled her eyes. “You’re lucky you’re damn good at sex. And also that I’m pretty damn in love with you.”

“I count my stars lucky every day, Brit. Every day.”

She turned, grabbed his head at the sides a little forcefully. “Aww, you made it serious. You’re such a gorgeous romantic.” She pulled him down for a kiss, one he was all too happy to give. Then, just to bring some levity back, she smacked him on the ass. “Now let’s get going, Leon. I want to see more of this land and the places these horses inhabited. And you’re not the only one with a cute ass to keep an eye on.”

“Too true!” he replied. “But I meant what I said. I really do love you.”

She half-turned again. “I love you too. Thanks for coming out here with me.”

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world. We only need each other, right?”

She beamed. “Right,” she said. “Only each other.”

The spirit coiled and coalesced. The bones had been unearthed, and many had been taken away. This was important. Knowledge was important. Nothing could be wrought or changed where there was no knowledge. That was the way of the Old Magic. But some of the bones of the Plainswalker herds remained undiscovered, and that too was just as important. Magic could not be summoned where there was no history in the earth, or flesh and blood to draw from. Such power ran deep, and had been waiting a long time to be found.

Nym was its name, though it had possessed many names in its time. It had been hawk and eagle, wolf and coyote. It had slithered as a snake upon the ground, and swam upstream far to the north, one salmon among many. It was a being of nature, and like nature, it was always changeable, yet bound to the earth in the way that all nature ultimately was. Its domains stretched far, nearly as far as its memory extended, but no place or memory was more cherished than the ones it had found here, among the herds of the beautiful horse breeds that once flourished in this land. It was a bitter and painful memory, their loss, and even more so the knowledge that it could do nothing to revive them. By the time Nym's wandering spirit had returned to these south western plains, its cherished horses were gone, and the people moved on. Those few who remained did not have the compatible spirits to aid its magic, and by the time suitable candidates presented themselves, the bones of those nobles stallions and mares were down in the earth, and the spirit had no physical means of manifesting them, and therefore no ways of making its own form tangible upon the mortal plain. Old magic, it was bound by many rules, most of which could be inconvenient.

But now a couple walked through the steppe, the plain, the mountain valley passes. They talked of these ancient breeds, amused themselves by looking at old digsites, walking trails that their kind believed the plainswalkers once travelled. Nym watched, fascinated. The trickster spirit found in these two humans a pair of compatible souls, and more than that, the will to adapt and change to become what was needed.

If only it could make the right bargain to 'convince' them.

Nym chuckled to itself. Yes, it would see the plainswalker herds again, and plenty of them. It drew strength from the knowledge of their existence that flourished once more, and drew power from the bones that still lay in the earth. And then, slowly, it began to trail the pair of humans, delighting in the brilliant and generous mischief it was about to bring. The colour of their souls, after all, was quite interesting to behold.

Oh, this would be fun. So very fun, and so very, ultimately, rewarding.

But first, a little weather changes. It would take a lot of energy, but sometimes drama was the best motivator. Humans never really changed, after all.

The weather turned in the late afternoon. They had to set up camp, of course. That's what the big backpacks were for. But neither had expected the rain to begin pounding down from suddenly dark, stormy skies.

"Well, we're about to become washed away bones if we don't move!" Leon cried.
"Where should we go?"

He looked to her for leadership. Britney wasn't quite sure of the answer. It was difficult to see through the pouring rain, and they were both getting soaked through. It was wet and chilly too, with a wind that whipped at their legs and arms with an icy frenzy. She was about to suggest they find a thick treeline, or just head back to the car, when suddenly an idea came to her, as if it had been whispered in her ear by some magical being.

"There's a cave, over there!" she shouted.

"What!? Where?"

"Trust me! I see it."

She did, though whether it was more in her mind's eye or her actual eye wasn't entirely clear. Regardless, she turned out to be right. As the rain continued to splatter down upon the park ground, she took Leon's hand and dragged her larger boyfriend up a small slope and into an impressive cave. It had a single tall entrance, and after a wide passage it gave way to a space inside that was roughly ten or more feet in height, and approximately fifty feet in diameter. It was like a circular room.

"Well, that was some sudden storm," Leon said.

"I'll say. Let's get our stuff out and change. I'm fucking freezing."

"Good idea. I'll set up a fire too. There's some sticks in the corner that might help."

With the practised ease of a couple who worked seamlessly together, they set about making camp in the cave. Outside, the weather poured, but thanks to the curve of the large tunnel, it was fairly insulated, allowing them to talk as they changed into warmer wear and ditched their currently wet clothing.

"How convenient is this place?" Leon said.

"Massively so."

"You might love horses, but you've got cat eyes, babe. I never would have seen this. But when you look around, you can almost imagine . . . holy shit."

He moved quickly to a spot on the wall, and Britney could quickly see why.

"Is that what I think it is?" she asked.

"I think so. These must be *ancient*."

On the wall were a series of cave paintings in a crude but recognisable fashion. They had faded over the ages, but they still obviously depicted herds of horses, and hunters chasing them.

"This . . . this is an incredible find," he said. "I know I said I was keen to make a discovery, but I was just joking. I didn't expect to actually find one!"

"You've found a lot more than just that," came a voice. It was strange, ethereal. A mix of masculine and feminine. And it was enough to make the pair both jump. They spun around at once, trying to find the source of the voice, only to see something bewildering: an older woman was standing right before them, or perhaps a feminine man, it was difficult to tell. He looked Native American perhaps, but his body was translucent, and his or her tribal costume seemed to mix feathers, scales, and hair in ways that genuinely became part of the figure's skin. Hair gave way to feathers, fingers turned to the talons of an eagle, and the eyes of this individual were a faintly glowing totality of blue, staring deep into and *through* them.

"Holy shit, are you seeing this?" Leon asked, stepping back against the wall.

"Oh yeah, this is some freaky shit," Britney replied. She grabbed a smoking piece of wood from the lightly burning fire and darted back again, holding the improvised weapon up. "Who are you? What the hell do you want with us?"

"I am Nym," the being said, and it was like being whispered to, right in the ear. The figure's voice didn't carry right or from the correct direction. *"I am a spirit of this land. A being of change and creation. I have followed you because your kind has once more unearthed the legends of the plainswalker horses, and in doing so have unleashed part of the magic necessary to bring them back."*

"What are you talking about?" Leon said. "Magic isn't real. Look, there should still be reception on my long-service phone. If you try to harm us—"

Suddenly, the figure extended its arms, which exploded into bats. The pair screamed as they flew about the room, shrieking, before returning to Nym's arms, where they recombined. The figure gave a laugh, the kind of laugh a teasing, prankster uncle would give after getting someone with the old 'honey on the doorknob' trick.

"Sorry, that was too dramatic! I just hate long conversations about how magic isn't real. Does that make it clear?"

Britney worked to get her breath back under control. "Holy shit, you *are* a spirit. We - we didn't mean to trespass on this sacred place, did we, babe?"

"N-no," Leon replied. "Not at all! Seriously, we can go. We only wanted to come for a nature hike, and to see the place where the plainswalkers were dug up. You know, feel closer to the earth and stuff."

"We're not vandals or anything," Britney assured. "I love nature. I always have. And Leon is an environmentalist. We can leave and we won't tell anyone about this place."

Nym chuckled and sat back on a convenient rock that they summoned. *"I know all that! I've been following you for hours, Britney and Leon! Yes, don't act so surprised that I*

know your names. I was quite . . . invisible, before. As I said before, my name is Nym, and I'm a spirit of these lands. And you needn't fear me, mortals. I'm not some angry spirit visiting punishments or anything, and I certainly don't see you as intruders or interlopers or vandals or what have you. The fact that you treated those ancient cave signs over there with such dignity told me that alone, but I also listened to your conversations and learned how much you cared.

"You see, the plainswalker herds of horses were my favourite of the wild creatures that populated this land thousands of years ago. I was a sprite spirit back then, and loved to shapeshift into one, and ride among their number, sometimes for years on end. But alas, after travelling the great expanse of the land from west to east and back again, I discovered they were gone. Hunted and killed. I couldn't bring my favourite creatures back. Not, that is, until the right conditions made themselves known. Conditions that I can see in effect right at this very moment!"

The spirit clasped its hands together in a satisfactory manner, and for a brief moment they were seals' flippers, clapping joyously. It was a bizarre sight, yet while Leon pulled away, Britney found herself captivated, even unafraid.

"You can bring them back? Really?"

"We can bring them back, young woman. If I could do it alone, I would have done it ages ago. But what I need is more than magic of the earth. There needs to be strong knowledge of what these creatures were like, which was lacking for thousands of years. Thankfully, it is now returned. And there needs to be bones of the creatures, close to the ground. Well, your other humans did not find them all, but provided the ripe conditions for just this success."

Nym reached behind its back, which had nothing behind it, and yet somehow managed to pull forward part of a leg bone from a plainswalker horse. It was old and very brittle, and she handled it with great care. It was enough to make Leon lose his nervousness as well, and step forward so he could examine it from several feet away

"Oh my God. Is that genuine?"

"As the land is long and the day is short," the spirit said. "With the return of knowledge the uncovering of the bones, I had enough strength to pluck this out. It will suffice. The last thing I needed was a pair of humans, their souls pure in heart and eager to aid in the return of this once-noble species. This is the rarest thing of all, for they must be compatible not just in this yearning, but in their love for one another. You two share this. Your love is strong, for each other and for the land and the creatures who live upon it."

"And we can help bring back the horses then, with all these criteria met?" asked Britney.

"That is so," said Nym.

Britney looked to her boyfriend. He looked confused, overwhelmed, but as usual she was quicker to adapt. The idea of helping bring back an ancient lost race of horses was making her giddy. She would be sceptical, but there was no denying the inhuman elements of Ny, nor the magic she was continually displaying even at that moment: she or he or they had just grown a beak for the sole purpose of nipping at a patch of rough serpent skin on their arm.

“You really mean, then? They could come back?”

“Running the risk of repeating myself but . . . yes. They would be back. And more verdant and populous than ever, with remarkable breeding rates from an initial pair in order to boost their numbers to sustainability.”

“What would we need to do?”

“You would need to both hold this ancient bone of the plainswalker breed, and allow the residual life energy of this long-dead race rise from the earth and enter you both. I would chant the sacred words, and then it would be done. The plainswalkers would be on this world again.”

Britney's world had been upturned in mere moments. The thought of bringing a race hunted to extinction before its time back into the world, and to be the ones that helped make it happen . . . it was extraordinary. It was everything she could have dreamed of.

“Would we be changed by this process?”

“You would keep your minds, don't worry. And the plainswalkers would be back. And fear not, you would be safe and sound.”

“Can I have a moment to discuss this with my boyfriend?”

“Naturally.”

Leon was still sceptical. He and Britney discussed the matter in a corner of the cave, even as the rain outside continued. He couldn't stop looking at the spirit, whose form kept shifting, losing some animal traits and taking on others.

“I don't trust this Nym,” he said. “He or she or they are too shifty . . . literally.”

“But we have a chance to bring back a long-dead race, Leon.”

He considered that, and looked at the cave paintings again. “I won't lie, that *would* be extraordinary. All my life I've wanted to do what I can to bring back the environment and its life from the brink of destruction at the hands of humans. I know a horse seven thousand years extinct isn't an imminent priority, but it was hunted by humans and eliminated. It didn't 'have its time' or anything. By all rights, it *should* be with us now.”

He paused, pondering this. Britney loved her boyfriend, but she could always tell when he needed a bit of a nudge to help him along with a decision.

"Babe. Love. This would be *our* big change, together. I won't do it without you - Nym says it has to be both of us - but I think this could be our chance to make a huge difference in the world. C'mon, you can't tell me this wasn't always fated to be?"

"I don't even believe in fate."

"You didn't believe in ancient spirits until recently, either."

She grinned smugly at him, and he had to concede the point.

"Touche. But what if we're rushing into this?"

"Nym seems to think it needs to happen soon - at least that was the sense I got from him. Them."

"Britney, I love you, but what if this is a mistake? I don't want to unleash a zombie horde or something. This is how a lot of zombie films start, I'll have you know."

"C'mon, that's silly and you know it. You . . . dumb coward."

He smirked. "Foolish risk taker."

"Hot but overly cautious archaeologist."

"Beautiful but overly *cautionless* horse lover."

"Hot dominatrix type."

"Sexy sub."

"I'll have you know I'm no sub. I just like . . ."

"Being dominated?"

"Fine, you win this bout! I'll get the next one" he said. He took a deep breath. "Fine, do it. We'll do it. If it means doing something truly magical, then this is every archaeologist and wildlife preservationist's wet dream. I couldn't live with myself if I didn't give it a try, at least."

Britney cupped her boyfriend's face and kissed him, deeply and for a long time. When she withdrew, he was a little flustered, and quite turned on.

"Honey," she said flatly, "not in front of the ancient zombie animal spirit guide, remember?"

She giggled. "Love you."

"Love you."

They turned as one, and it was Britney that took the lead, as usual.

"We'll do it, Nym. We'll take part in this ritual. We'll bring back the plainswalkers."

The figure grinned, and there was a hint of playful mischief in the expression. Britney hoped she'd made the right decision, but she knew that she'd never forgive herself if she didn't at least try to do this. To have the opportunity to bring back that breed. She'd seen images of what they might have looked like after the bones were discovered. They were larger than the average horse, noticeably so, and had proud legs with a strong stance for long-distance running. The bones had indicated powerful flanks, and it was no wonder they

were hunted rather than tamed: this was a species too wild to be reduced and ridden. This was a species that was meant to be free. How could she *not* want to bring something like that back into the world, when so many other things were being lost?

“Very good. Very good! Ah, to see the plainswalkers again! And do you, Leon, also agree to this bargain?”

“Um, yeah. I do. If Britney is all in, then so am I. Where she goes, I go, isn’t that right, love?”

She took his hand lovingly and leaned against him. “That’s right.”

“Then if I have verbal confirmation, the bargain has begun. Both of you come forth and strip yourself of your clothing.”

Leon paused, a little uncertain. “Uh, did you say take off our clothes?”

“Indeed.”

“No offence, but I didn’t exactly have ‘give a strip show to an ancient earth deity’ on my bingo card today.”

Britney rolled her eyes. She was, in her usual decisive way, already taking off her clothes. “Love!”

“Fine!”

Leon took a moment to admire his girlfriend’s toned form, her gorgeous olive skin, and the way that her dark hair tumbled out when she removed her ponytail band.

“You absolute perv!” she laughed. “Hurry up and strip!”

“Sorry, I was distracted by a very gorgeous woman. Do you happen to have her number?”

She threw her bra at him. Even Nym laughed, and it was a life that was somehow fresh and new and lively, and simultaneously ancient. Of the earth. It was enough for Leon to hurry up and discard his clothing. This time it was Britney’s turn to have a bit of an ogle, grinning at his manhood dangling between his legs.

“Nice horsecock,” she said.

“Nothing you haven’t seen before.”

“Uh-huh, and that’s why you’re totally not staring at my tits, right?”

“Well, they are spectacular tits.”

“And yours is a spectacular cock, babe.”

Leon smirked. “Honey, not in front of the eldritch entity, remember?”

Nym smiled, relishing this moment. The banter between this pairing was playful, electric, and always happy to flirt along the lines of the sexual. They would be *perfect*, though the horsecock and tits lines were about to become very, very ironic. The being couldn’t wait for *that* reveal.

Leon carefully folded his clothing on the cave floor, whereas Britney's was tossed about the space in her eagerness. Just to stir her boyfriend, she kicked his pile away.

Leon sighed. "Messy goblin."

"Psycho neatfreak."

"Chaos woman."

"Sexy catalogue model."

"Hot hurricane."

"Oh damn, you win honey," she said. "I'll take hot hurricane for five hundred dollars, Alex."

"I have no idea what this means," Nym said, "but your banter is wonderful to see. Your energies are very intertwined. I can see that you are truly soulmates."

Both individuals froze, glanced at once another, and smiled.

"Oh, we already knew that," Leon said. He kissed Britney, pressing her naked form against his. "So . . . we don't normally go naked in caves."

"Except that one time, honey."

"Oh yeah, except that one naughty time, and that was *her* idea. But we won't get into that. What do we do now?"

Nym held out the ancient bone of the long-deceased plainswalker. *"Each of you, hold one end of this, and close your eyes. The magic ritual shall begin shortly, and from there everything will change. Twin souls of an ancient plainswalker mating pair will be called up from the earth to invest you with their power, and you must focus this power, and choose the right source."*

Nym has a good suspicion which souls Leon and Britney would find suitable to them, but there was no point giving the game away. That, they would discover for themselves. The pair took the ends of the bone, and closed their eyes. Britney felt a strange peace with what she was doing, a oneness with the earth and land that she had so long sought for. Leon was much more nervous, but was comforted by the presence of his lover. They both held the bone, tethering them to the ancient past.

"Now think on the plainswalkers. Imagine those great creatures in your minds, proud and true. A proper breeding pair - they bred for life, you know."

They both did so, and the image was surprisingly clear. The great descendent of the Dinohippus, wild and true, migrating across the entirety of the south-west in their great herd, one breeding pair among many, but this one mighty and true.

"Now repeat these words with me in your tongue. I shall say them in the old language, but you will understand."

Nym continued to speak, but the tongue was indeed old, and clearly of the earth. The light within the cave shifted, and the torches they had brought flickered out. But they noticed

none of this, instead concentrating on that image, and the words they could not understand and yet somehow did.

“I accept the soul of the plainswalker,” Leon and Britney said together, their mutual presence buoying each other up. “I accept his or her bounty. I accept his or her strength. I accept his or her wild nature, boundless as the plains. May this creature be reborn through the strength of our love and unity, so that a great breeding pair may rebirth the race, endowed with a fertility and instinct that only the ancients can grant. And may this boon last for seasons numbering beyond the counting, so that its kind will never die out. May we serve as vessels for this change, and take the nature best suiting us for these roles.”

The worlds flowed like honey from their lips, and there was little time to interrogate them. Still, there was something a little *off* about the words that both noticed, especially the more sceptical Leon. But before he could think deeper, there was suddenly a seismic shift in his senses, and those of Britney’s too. The background energy of the room, already permeating their heightened senses during this ritual, immediately surged in strength. It enveloped them in an invisible cocoon, and then proceeded to burrow deep into the earth. Like a great tree’s long-planted roots, it extended far, tendrils winding in numerous directions.

“It’s beautiful,” Britney said, eyes still closed as instructed. “Leon, can you f-feel that?”

“Oh G-God. Yes, I can.”

It was as if they were being literally tethered to the nature of these horses of the past. Their strength and speed and virility, their wild nature and migrational instincts. Their daily habits, their family groupings. Their mating rituals. The last was particularly potent, and to their astonishment, both felt themselves getting rather aroused. Britney’s womanhood moistened, and her nipples stiffened with lust. Likewise, Leon’s cock stirred, growing harder, then erect.

“Ohhhh,” she moaned. “That’s - ahh - quite the breeding instinct I’m feeling.”

“Yeah, is it g-getting hot in here?” Leon stammered.

“Keep these thoughts in your mind. It is the thoughts of a breeding pair. The souls of a long-dead pair are being summoned now. You will feel them dancing between you. Take into yourself the aspect that feels right to you. Absorb it. Allow it to infuse you. This will bring back the plainswalkers.”

True to the strange spirit’s words, the burrowing tendrils plucked two sources of light from the ground, and pulled them up into the cave. They danced around one another in a circular fashion, a yin and a yang, a male and a female. Neither Britney nor Leon could tell which was which, but the experience of this ritual was beyond anything either could imagine, and that arousal was only increasing, spurring them forth to accept the steps without thinking

too deeply on them. As far as either knew, they were simply welcoming the plainswalkers back into the world. They were conduits, in their minds.

Only Nym knew that they were not conduits. They were the final destination.

“Reach out. Feel the one that is right for you.”

Britney gasped. “I feel it! It’s . . . strong. Powerful. I can’t describe it. It’s just like my nature.”

It was indeed. Decisive, protective, the wilder of the pairing. The one that pushed the herd to move, that dominated and led them to better environments. She opened herself, readily accepting the spirit so that it moved towards her, binding into her very being, intertwining her soul.

At the exact same time, Leon found the soul that fit his own personality.

“And here’s m-mine,” he grunted. It was the more submissive of the pair, certainly. He didn’t want to describe it out loud before the spirit, but it fit him right to a T. It liked to be led, to contribute quietly, to help shoulder the burdens of the more take-charge soul. It was gentler, though still wild and free in its own way, and its love for its mate made it happy in turn to follow where the other led. He too accepted this soul into his form, where it coalesced and mingled.

For a moment, both individuals simply basked in the strange, alien pleasure of this transference of spirit energy. It was like being given a gift for the soul: one their own souls readily accepted. And then, all at once, it ended.

“It is done,” Nym said. *“You may open your eyes, and walk with me.”*

The pair opened their eyes, blinked, and looked around with confusion.

“Uh, where are the horses?” Leon said.

“They will be summoned outside, where it is most . . . practical. Come with me.”

Britney gave a sheepish shrug and followed. Leon tagged along.

“That was amazing,” she said, taking his arm and grinning. “But I’m so fucking horny. When this is done, I totally want mount you, you absolute stud.”

Nym smirked, not saying anything as the being led them out of the cave.

“I’d be up for that,” Leon said, wincing. “This damn erection might last longer than four hours if we don’t fuck. So please, when we’re done, mount away.”

This time the ancient spirit chuckled out loud, unable to contain its mischievous glee. It was all going so well! The couple laughed too, a bit more awkward and excited. But when they entered back out into the outside world they were both astonished. For one, the rain was gone, and the sun was high and warm upon the damp landscape, already drying the verdant grasslands. And for two, there were no horses.

“Are they appearing soon?” said Leon, who was eager to witness the rebirth of a race, but was also so overcome with arousal that he desperately wanted Britney to dominate him in her usual way.

“Very, very soon,” Nym said. “This will be a great surprise to you both, in more ways than one. But know that it is in my nature to give surprises, I am a trickster spirit after all. Just know that this is still a blessing. More than you can possibly appreciate. I hope you enjoy my gifts as much as I will enjoy giving them!”

“Wait,” Leon said, “what is that supposed to - NGHH!!!”

The young man doubled over, suddenly flushed with heat. The soul he had accepted into his body dispersed, flooding him with its vitality and energy before leaving him entirely, erupting from his form to join the heavens.

Britney called out, “LEON! What have you done to my boyfriend?”

“Something glorious. Something you will experience too. You may have gotten the better end of the deal, your view depending.”

Britney leapt towards the spirit, intent on socking him with a closed fist. Nym knew it had chosen right with this one, and that she had chosen right too. Before she could close the distance, she too doubled over.

“Ohhhhh, oh G-God!”

The process repeated, spirit leaving her as it poured its essence through her bones. She shook, barely able to keep herself on both feet.

“F-fuuuuck, this f-feels weird. God, I’m getting even hornier. What d-did you do to us?”

“I told you. We are bringing back the plainwalker horses, and you the great vessels who will take their forms.”

“What d-does that mean?” Leon stammered. He could feel his bones and muscles shifting. The feeling was discomforting, but also strangely blissful, like it was ‘right’, somehow. He groaned, and all at once his body *stretched*, his rib cage expanded to become totally out of proportion with his form. Britney looked at her boyfriend with shock, and then she too felt the irresistible pull of change as well. She fell to all fours, and her chest likewise expanded, her breasts melting away.

“What the f-fuck, m-my tits!?”

“You will not be needing them. At least, not you specifically, Britney.”

“What the hell d-does that m-mean!?! Euuurgh! Oh! Ah! What the-!?”

Her fingers fused together, as did her toes. To her horror, they hardened as one, rounding to become what could only be a set of horse's hooves, a cleft in the centre to indicate the split. Leon cried out, grunting harshly, and it was no surprise that the same

transformation was being inflicted upon him. His bones cracked and reshaped, altering to become longer, muscles swelling beyond all expectation.

"NGGGHG! S-so m-much! Too much! Are you okay my, love?"

"Ch-changing too, babe! I can't - AGGHH!!"

The sensations were utterly foreign, but thankfully not painful. In fact, much to their shame, the pleasure and arousal from the spirit ritual only increased in potency. Britney tried to fight the changes, and for a brief moment realised she had the will to push this inhuman energy out and revert herself. But the temptation to allow it to continue was too great. Britney felt a strength and power she'd never experienced on such a level before, an arousal stronger than her more libidinous nights with Leon. More than that, she felt a connection to him, a tether that went beyond love to something deeply spiritual, and she knew he felt it too. And so, bold as ever, she decided to embrace what was happening.

"We're becoming plainswalkers, aren't w-we?" she managed.

Nym nodded. He was smiling, but not mischievously anymore. It was a look of awe and appreciation. *"You are indeed. A breeding pair that shall renew this species from just two."*

Leon gasped. His shoulders buckled, expanded hugely. He wobbled on his new hooves, muscles still rippling and growing. He couldn't help but notice that Britney was already bigger than him, despite his own changes starting first. There was something wrong there, but he couldn't put a finger to it just yet: after all, he didn't have any fingers remaining, and his focus was more on the massive revelation that Britney had just made.

"WH-WHAT!? We're b-becoming a f-fucking **BREEDING PAIR!**?"

The magic weaved further through him, his soul taking on more of the attributes of the energies he'd bonded with. Hair burst from his skin, thick and full. Appropriate for his pale Caucasian colouring, his new coat was a gorgeous white. He writhed, nearly toppling over, as his entire body became encased with it.

"You are indeed," Nym confirmed. As if there was any lingering doubt, Britney also writhed as her hair came in, a fine black coat in opposition to Leon's white. *"You will be the first of many plainswalker horses, the pair from which all others spring. You will be mother and father, stallion and mare to the rebirth of this species, and you will flourish on this earth far, far beyond your natural lifespans. I cannot say how long, but I can assure you it will be measured in centuries, if not more."*

Leon gaped, looking to his partner. He tried to move to her, but his legs shifted once more, his pelvis cracking, shoulders too, so that he was now fully quadrupedal. His spin extended, and within his now horizontally inclined belly, his organs shifted and swelled. His heart doubled in size and then some, pounded fearfully in his chest. And yet still that

magnificent arousal was there, urging further change. He tried briefly to fight it, but he didn't have the will of his girlfriend: it was like fighting a tsunami, and it washed him away instantly.

"NNnngh! We d-didn't want th-this!" he cried, even as a pressure began in his ass, which had grown and reshaped to become identical to that of a horse's. "This w-wasn't part of the deal."

But to his shock, it was Britney that quickly corrected him. "You're wr-wrong, my love. It was! We agreed to b-bring back the plainwalkers. Nym told us. W-we just didn't ask the right questions. He l-left out some important information."

"As I said, I am a trickster entity. The coyote, after the plainwalker, is my favourite spirit animal."

Leon felt a fury in his chest, a chest that swelled yet further. His hooves finished developing, and his haunches too, having widened considerably. His form was massive, and Britney's was even bigger. She didn't feel the same fury, however. She'd been tricked, certainly, and for that she felt shame, but the raw bestial feelings that rose up within her made her almost excited for what was coming.

"It f-feels good," she moaned. The pressure in her spine increased, and she did not resist it. It was a tail forming, she knew, and instead of pushing back against its development she willed it to grow faster. Faster, damn it! "OH, IT F-FEELS GOOD!!"

The tail *burst* out, long and fuller than the horses of the modern day, slightly curled in its wild way, yet full and lustrous. Britney's mane came in, and it was a dark grey that gave the impression of moonlight, especially since a speckling of white like droplets of water, bloomed into being on the underside of her coat. The reverse followed for Leon, whose mane was a pale, sandy blonde. The remnants of his red hair gave way to this binary appearance, matching him in opposition to his lover.

"Britney, what are you - OH GOD! I s-see what you m-mean!"

His tail burst out too, matching his mane, and it made him almost orgasm from the sheer pleasure of the change. It felt far too right, and far too little wrong, and it was doing the poor former human's head in.

"We c-can't change back?" he asked, looking desperately at Nym.

The trickster being shook its head, which now had the eyes and ears of the coyote it had just spoken of. *"The transformation is irreversible and permanent. The soul energy is now within you, and cannot be taken out. Fear not, you will both have the necessary instincts to guide your new ways as horses, and you will recover from any injury, and easily evade any attempt to capture you. You will be free and healthy, and I promise you the act of mating will be most pleasurable."*

At the word 'mating' both of them moaned, biting their still-human lips even as a pressure trickled into their jawlines. Their arousal peaked, and the desire to fuck one another

- regardless of their current forms - dominated their minds. In fact, it sounded more wonderful than it ever had before when they'd been human.

"We'll be m-making baby horses?" Leon asked.

"Yes," said the spirit, *"thousands over the long years. You would mate one another quite deliciously, and productively."*

Britney groaned. "That s-sounds really good. Fuck, that sounds *amazing*. I knew I wanted kids one day, but . . . oh God, baby horses to rebuild a species sounds like a good alternative, right babe?"

Leon was not nearly so convinced. He shuddered as his form swelled yet further, as the hair around his hooves grew in a little longer and curlier. "B-but what about our l-lives, Britney? We're not m-meant to be horses!"

Britney groaned, breathing heavily as her lungs expanded. "But we'll be t-together, my love. I know it's not wh-what we expected, but we'll still had one another. We don't have f-families, and we've always been too independent for a s-stable friend group. And this way we can live for ages in the places w-we love so much. You once t-told me you wished you could live among nature forever. Well, we're about to! Ohhh! We're about to!"

Leon found his mind racing, wanting to consider this, to embrace this. His cock stirred, still hard, though a change was coming across it as well. "I just n-never expected . . . but I g-guess I've always wanted to b-bring back a species from extinction. And if this is the w-way, it would be a noble sacrifice. Quite rewarding, really! But B-Britney, if I'm to - ahhh - mount you, then that m-means you'll be birthing horses. Are you s-sure you're up for that?"

Britney's neck swelled, as did Leon's. Their heads were pushed forwards, and with the increasing pressure in their noses and jawlines, it was clear that they were not far from finishing their transformation. And yet still, something felt strange in her nethers. Her clitoris, which was yearning to be rubbed and caressed, was beginning to bulge oddly.

"I - I think I would be," she stammered, trying to ignore the strange development. "I n-never imagined myself giving b-birth to foals, l-let alone so many. But if I h-have to be pregnant with horses in order to bring back this - ahhh - race, then I'll do it. And I'd want no one else to be the f-father than you, Leon. I love you."

"Ahh! I love you too!" he gasped. "And I promise I'll be a good s-stallion to you."

"And me a good m-mare," she said, teeth starting to swell.

The spirit shifted before them, its face wryly amused. *"Well, about that . . . things may not be entirely as you assume."*

Both transforming individuals looked at Nym, their hearts momentarily paused in anticipation for what was coming next. Leon grunted as his ears became horse's ears, and his once-red hair the same sandy colour as his mane. His cock was stiff, but it was odd: it felt like it was getting smaller, and shifting up to where his asshole was located.

“Wh-what do you mean?” he managed.

“Well, I told you to take on the spirits that best suited your personality, and this you have done well. There is no other way to say this, my friends, but as Britney is evidently the stronger, more dominant personality in this pairing, it is only appropriate that she has picked . . .”

“The stallion,” Britney realised, feeling her clitoris continue to become engorged, lengthening as if it were a cock. As if it were *becoming a horse’s cock*. “Oh my G-God.”

“And just as Britney chose wisely, and so is becoming the finest of stallion stock, so too have you, Leon, chosen appropriately for your personality. You are becoming-”

“Oh God, no, don’t say it!”

“-a gorgeous mare, destined to be mounted and impregnated, to breed and birth legions of plainswalker horses back into the world.”

Leon could have cried, except that hearing the words ‘mounted,’ ‘impregnated,’ ‘breed’ and ‘birth’ were somehow turning him on. His penis continued to shrink, shifting back to beneath his ass. His testicles melted away, and it made him whine in a higher voice. He was so close to becoming a full horse - his face was swelling, jaw too. It was becoming difficult to speak, but he needed to plead his case.

“N-no! No way! I’m not g-getting mounted - oh God, why is the thought of it turning me on? - by Britney. She’s not growing some horsecock! I’m not spending eternity getting knocked up with foals or, God forbid, giving birth to them! This is n-nuts! Ohhhh!”

His penis began to pull back into his body. He shuddered as a vaginal passage, large and wet, began to form like a tunnel inside him. His organs shifted, a new womb swelling into place, already thrumming with fertility, and the promise of future fecundity.

“MMhmmmm! Oh God! NNGHH!!!”

He nearly bucked, kicking his legs back a little. The pleasure was outstanding, and already there was a hunger in his new loins. A need to be filled that made him ache. Britney felt it too: her clitoris could no longer be called such. A furry sheath expanded to hold her new equipment, her testicles safely held within. Already, she could feel them pulsing, overbrimming with horse semen that needed expending. And all that while her cock grew and grew until it was mammoth in size and length.

“I’m s-sorry, babe!” she managed, her own cock getting harder. “I d-didn’t realise it would turn out this way. It’ll be okay, I swear! I - oh God, I need to fuck you soon - I’ll be gentle! And we’ll still be doing what we were j-just getting ready for. Only, you know, a little bit reversed.”

“A little bit! I’ll be birthing a horse once a year!”

“Several times, actually,” Nym said with satisfaction. “Just as Britney has received the virility and stamina of numerous of the greatest stallions of the lost genus, so too have you

received the fertility of their most productive mares, with the power of the earth spirits to make you gestate and birth them more rapidly. Rather than waiting a full year, Leon, you will be pregnant a mere three months before giving birth, and your body will recover near-instantly, ready for the next pregnancy. You will produce thousands and thousands of plainswalker foals in your new lifetime as a fertile mare. You will be a celebrated broodmare, and the spirits of the land will love you for it!"

"B-but I'm a man!"

"I don't think you're a man at all, anymore," Britney said. Her voice was even a little teasing, and a little lower too. "Just like I'm not a woman anymore. I've got a big horsecock just like you used to have, and I can't lie, my love, I really, really need to use it."

Leon breathed heavily. "But - but - but -"

"Shh, it'll be okay. I always took the lead before, didn't I? We never cared about gender stereotypes, so why care now?"

"You're not the one cursed to give birth to horses for the rest of your life!"

"It's not a curse, Leon. Nym here may have tricked us, but it *is* a blessing. Think. We still get to bring nature back from the brink, right? And your role is even more important than mine. I know we never expected this, but we can't go b-back. And this new b-body feels so right to me. Doesn't yours?"

The worst part was that she was right. Leon was barely fighting off the change. His new mare body, vagina and all, made him tingle all over. His submissive side was in full bloom, and he was already instinctively widening his stance and lifting his sandy blonde tail to one side, ready to receive Britney.

"I - maybe. It's just, oh fuck. Fuck. It's just such a different life path. Getting knocked up? Pregnancy? Birth? Oh fuck, birth! Why does birthing foals make me feel so warm and - NNGH!!! Shit, here we go!"

Britney felt it too: the final round of changes. She looked at Nym, who simply nodded.

"*Take charge, as you always do,*" the spirit said, though it seemed a message that reached only her. She understood what was being asked, and what she needed to do.

Britney welcomed this final change, allowing her face to fully extend and grow and transform. Her eyes altered position, sitting to the sides of her head and changing her vision dramatically. Her jaw became a long snout, her tongue long, her nose excellent for smelling. The last was particularly surprising to her: she could now literally smell the delightful scent of her boyfriend-turned-mare's pussy. It was intoxicating, and the new stallion found herself - really a *himself* now - walking over behind Leon, whose own head was nearly completely changed. Instinct on how to adjust to her new sight aided her, and more mental changes too. But they weren't important right now. Not compared to the task before her. She needed to mount her mate.

She needed to *breed* her boyfriend.

'Leon, I need this. We have to do this.'

Leon, surprisingly, heard this. *'Britney? Was that you? Your voice is so low now, like a very - oh shit - like a very sexy man's.'*

'And yours is like a woman's. Like a pinup girl who wants me to fuck her right between her thighs. And I can do that now, Leon, if you'll just ask me.'

They were now completely changed. Britney the stallion, and Leon the mare. The former was larger and stronger and already radiating control and dominance. Britney felt like she could take on the world. Leon, on the other hand, was sleeker and more beautiful, and still grappling with her overwhelming need to be bred. Her new vagina was incredibly wet, practically *demanding* to be fucked, and it scared him and aroused him in equal measure.

'Britney, I'm scared. But I'm also - oohhhh. I'm so goddamn horny. I'm trying not to think about your cock right now.'

'You can think about it all your want, sexy. It's a really, really big cock. I want to make you feel nice and filled just like you always made me feel. Trust me, it's fantastic. We're a new breed, Leon. So let's hurry up and breed.'

Leon shifted on his four limbs nervously, tail flickering. He wasn't used to this, never expected any of this. But more and more it seemed the right thing to do. Besides, he'd always been good at letting Britney take charge.

'P-please, just be gentle.'

'I will be, don't worry.'

'I never expected to take horse cock before. It definitely wasn't on my bingo card.'

'Scaredy cat mare,' Britney communicated, teasing.

'Dominating stallion.'

'Sweet-smelling pussy.'

'Big s-strong dick.'

'Gorgeous mother-to-be.'

'Father of m-my foals. Oh fuck, this is so weird. This shit is such a turn on and it most certainly shouldn't be! Britney, maybe there's a way - oh God, just hurry up! I can't think straight without your big horse dick inside meeee!'

It was as desperate as Britney had ever heard Leon and she was grateful for it, because she felt just as determined to go ahead as he was needy for it. Nym the spirit backed away a little, still observing, but the presence of that trickster was no real impediment: they were fucking out in the wild beyond the sight of anyone, and they were now just two horses, albeit formerly extinct ones. Britney positioned herself, smelling Leon's new cunt one last time, then rose up on her back legs and mounted him.

'Holy crap this is happening, this is happening, this is hap-OHhhhhhh!'

Leon's panicked voice in her mind was eclipsed by an orgasmic moan as her heavy horse cock found his entrance. Carefully, she pushed her new appendage inside him, slowly but surely extending deep into his body.

'You f-feel amazing, my love,' she said to him through their mental connection, even as she huffed through her mouth. *'S-so wet and tight. I think I'm going to enjoy this. I hope you do too.'*

'G-God help me, I am!' he replied. His passage clung to her, and it was an absolutely alien feeling to be penetrated, and by such a large meaty dick at that. Britney began thrusting, bucking like the wild horse she now was, sliding that immense penis in and out of her former boyfriend's tunnel. Leon moaned in ecstasy. It was wrong, and alien, and foreign, and strange, and oh-so-fucking good.

'K-keep going! I need it! I need it!'

'I know you do, my mare. We're going to rebuild the plainswalker race, you and me for eternity.'

'That s-sounds good! I don't want it to, but it does!'

'That's because we're still together, and still - ahh - love one another. I can't wait to see you all full with my foals. You're going to be so cute, Leon.'

'Mhmmm, f-foals. So m-many foals.'

'That's right. So many. We'll make them together.'

'Yes! I mean, no! Oh, but it sounds so . . .'

She thrust again, bucking even more forcefully. She was getting closer, and she was about to burst with horse semen unless she expended it all inside Leon. Another thrust. Another. She was so deep into him that she couldn't imagine how he felt. He certainly could: it was like being split apart in the best possible way, like an aching voice was on the crux of being filled. There was just one final ingredient missing.

'I'm going to cum, babe. I remember all those times you did inside me. I hope it feels as good as that. Trust me, you're going to like th-the other s-side. I bet a mare like you will have multiple orgasms.'

Leon's new softly female voice whimpered in her mind. He was feverish with desire. *'Cum in me! I need your hot horse seed in me already. I don't c-care if it gets me pregnant with a million foals, I need it now! Please, Brock!'*

The accidental use of a male name made the new stallion finally cross the threshold. He let loose a low whinny, and then his cock went rigid. Britney exploded with delirious bliss as his cock showered forth torrent after torrent of horse semen. It ejaculated deep into Leon's tunnel, causing the mare to shake and nearly throw him off. It came in great warm gushes, all of it surging straight for her ultra-fertile womb. Leon cried out, and she didn't even have time to think about how she was suddenly adopting a female pronoun. All that mattered

was that wave after wave of orgasmic pleasure rushed through her mare body in time with the throbbing inside her, the ejaculation of the life-making seed her body craved so dearly.

It took a while for Britney to dismount. His cock was still deep inside Leon, and when he withdrew there was a not-insignificant splash of semen upon the ground. Some of it mattered Leon's fur, but that would be washed away in time. For now, it was a salt-scented mark of victory.

'D-did we just do that?' Leon asked.

'We did,' Britney confirmed. *'And holy shit that was amazing. Better than human sex, and it was only our first go! A shame we can't do too many positions.'*

'How c-can you take this so lightly, Brock? I mean, Britney. You just mounted me!'

'And we both loved it. Admit it.'

Leon was silent for a moment. *'It was instinct.'*

'Sure. An instinct you loved. How do you feel?'

Instead of answering, Leon shifted her mare body around to stare at Nym, who was watching them with an enormous smile on his or her or its face.

'I'm pregnant already, aren't I?' Leon asked.

Nym nodded. *"You can feel it."*

'I think so. Holy shit, I'm a horse, and I'm pregnant. You did this to us.'

Again, Nym nodded. *"In time, you will embrace your new role. I know it is not what you imagined, especially since it will be you, the former man, getting mounted and giving birth over and over again, but it will be greatly rewarding. I meant what I said: this is a blessing for you both, not a punishment. You will inhabit this land for centuries, perhaps even thousands of years, and you will effectively be new gods: Gods of the Plainswalkers. Always adding to their number. And you will always be young, virile and fertile, and never lack for strength, vitality, or freedom."*

Leon paused. So much of that *did* sound great. But literally going into labor and giving birth four times a year? Especially since she was meant to be a human man, and never expected pregnancy, let alone with big foals?

'That sounds magnificent,' Britney answered. *'We'll need new names. Leon, you call me Brock, earlier. I think I like that.'*

Nym nodded. *"Then you shall be Brock, Stallion, Father, and God of the Plainswarker Herd."*

'Leon, I think you should be Lenna. It suits you.'

Leon didn't want a female name, at least she thought she didn't. And yet . . . there was a need to please Brock in play. A submissive aspect that was no longer just personality, but part of her new mare instinct.

'Lenna. Yes, okay. It'll take some getting used to. Um, all of this will, I think.'

Brock took that opportunity to brush her powerful flank against his mate, which caused Lenna to feel greatly comforted. *'It will take some time for both of us, love.'*

'You're not the one who's currently pregnant. This was supposed to be you!'

'I don't think that's true, babe, but we're like this now anyway. And like we always say, we've got each other.'

'Where you go, I go,' Lenna said. She pressed her head against Brock's, and the pair shared a moment of deep intimacy. *'I guess I can . . . try to get used to this. Not like I really have a choice, right? You've already knocked me up with that big horse dick, after all. Wow, is that a weird sentence to say!'*

They both shared a laugh on their mental link. It was a soft breaking of the ice after such an unusual experience. Their forms felt right to them - not familiar, not yet, and still a little awkward even with the instinct - but while Lenna would never admit it, the presence of a vulva on her body, of a vagina tunnel and womb, all seemed appropriate. It was a tangle of mental confusion, that was for sure, and so she brushed lovingly against Brock again. Her stallion.

"I will leave you now," Nym said after they had taken comfort in each other for some time. *"My work is done. You, Leon, will now be Lenna: mare, mother, and Goddess of the Plainswalker herd."*

If Lenna could have blushed, she would have. There was a deep embarrassment and odd pride at war within her, and so she simply scraped her front left hoof awkwardly against the ground, pushing little stones to the side.

'You're leaving us?' Brock asked. *'But we still don't know what we're doing?'*

"Please, Brock. You have always been one to create meaning where there previously was none. You are now the leader, the stallion of your future herd. Take care of your mare. She will always produce foals for you, and as a side benefit, I have used my own magic to ensure that you will always be ready to mate, even if her waters are on the cusp of breaking."

Lenna whinnied. *'Uh, can we not talk about waters breaking, just yet? This is all still very fucking weird to me!'*

But Brock nodded to Nym, bowing a little with his front hooves. *'Thank you, Nym. This may not be what we expected, but we will do our best to make our new breed flourish. It'll take getting used to, but I know I can do it, and Lenna too. Isn't that right, babe?'*

'Yeah, sure. Literally pushing out foals out my new horse vagina four times a year. Totally gonna get used to that!'

Brock nipped playfully at her. *'I'll make it worth your while, my love.'*

Nym chuckled. *"That you will. Fair well, both of you. Be fruitful, and multiply, to quote one of your dusty 'books.' I shall visit you in a decade or two, and then perhaps again every*

hundred years. When the herd is large enough, I look forward to joining its number for hidden time. Thank you both for the magic you have brought back into the world.”

And with that, the being withdrew back into the earth, melding into stone and rock and leaf, leaving the horses alone together.

‘I still cannot believe this,’ Lenna said. ‘I’m a fucking mare!’

She trotted about nervously, but Brock caught that scent exuding once more. That sweet scent of heat, or estrus. Even if she was already pregnant, Lenna was still feeling the urge to procreate. And Brock’s new manhood was already extending from its sheath to meet that need.

‘It’s hard to believe, babe, I know. But hey, at least our dynamic is preserved.’

‘What do you mean?’

Brock wished she could have smirked, but she felt the upturning of her lip for a brief moment gave the same impression. She turned, and let Lenna have a good view of her now fully erect horse cock. It was enough to make Lenna go rigid, and lift her tail automatically.

‘I’m still the one always mounting you,’ he said.

Lenna barely lasted a minute of resistance before she was being fucked by that enormous penis again. The sensations were simply too wonderful, and her body craved being pumped full of her lover’s horse seed.

It would prove to be quite the ‘productive’ first day for the pair. By the end, Lenna was begging to be mounted, and Brock was happy to fuck his former boyfriend in the open plains just as they had as humans that very same morning. And just as they would do so for many, many weeks, months, years, and decades to come.

It took time to adjust to their lives, especially for poor Lenna. The biggest change, despite the occasional embarrassment over their new genders, essentially living as wild horses when they’d been socialised to be civilised humans all their lives. Well, civilised to a *certain* degree: Brock had always been a rules breaker, back when he was Britney. It was a challenge to adapt to living in the rugged wilds for days and days on end, sleeping under shade with no shelter, following no schedule but the rise and fall of the sun, and feeding off the grass and plants around them. In some ways, not being bound by the time on a clock somewhere was actually quite difficult: even with four hooves, Lenna found herself occasionally lifting one to ‘check’ the time. It was a strange adjustment, decluttering the mind of concepts such as ‘deadlines,’ ‘appointments,’ and ‘events.’ Now, the mating pair made time for what they wished, when they wished, making time only to move across the

landscape as their instincts drove them, to feed on the now-delicious vegetation their large bodies craved, and, of course, to mate.

Constantly.

This was not so much a bother for Brock. Not at all, in fact. The new stallion was immensely libidinous, and enjoyed the sensations of loving dominance his member gave him when he mounted his gorgeous mare. He couldn't get enough of Lenna, and just the smallest scent of her estrus got him going, to the point where on the rare occasion that they woke in the night they would fuck like, well, animals until they reached a blissful post-climax cooldown and go right back to sleep. Lenna too felt the urge to mate, and this despite the fact that she was most obviously pregnant - a fact she was still coming to terms with. Several times she managed to put off sex, but only for a little bit. Having her former girlfriend put his weight upon her back was just too arousing to resist, and the fact that she was trapped in a near-permanent heat made her perhaps even more insatiable than Brock.

'I c-can't help it, b-babe!' she cried out mentally one morning, after nipping at Brock to wake just so he could thrust his cock into her moist depths. *'This stupid mare body is j-just too needy. God, why do I h-have to always be in heat like this? OHhhh! K-keep going!'*

'You love it, Lenna,' Brock replied, eagerly bucking, awaiting the moment he could flood Lenna's womb, for what would be only the first time that day. *'We're having even more sex than we had as humans, and getting to experience it from a t-totally different perspective. And I know you cum a lot harder as my mare. Just. Like. THIS!'*

And with that, the stallion thrust into his mate, the two large, noble steeds of ancient part reaching their climax once more. Lenna cried out to Brock's mind, causing his own orgasm to grow all the stronger. He loved spending his seed inside her. The feeling of breeding his mare - even knowing she was already pregnant with their first foal of many - was immensely enticing.

Of course, they did more than just eat and fuck and sleep. The great horses of these plains also explored, savouring the beauty of the land around them. Despite all her reservations about being stuck as a near-immortal breeding mare, Lenna loved the experience, travelling through verdant fields, grass plains, shadowed forests, and over mountainous ranges. She could feel the occasional stretching in her belly, a sort of tightness that told her something was absolutely growing there, but the sights, sounds, and landscapes around her was a welcome distraction. It was easy to put the fact that she was, remarkably, pregnant with a baby horse out of mind when looking out across the great ranges. The fact that it was Brock that led her through these places also comforted her, she stuck close to him, feeling instinctively drawn to remain loyal to her mate. Not that she'd be disloyal regardless - they had never stopped loving each other completely - but as a mare

she found her previous laidback nature was now coded a bit more as submissive, perhaps almost deferential at times to her powerful mate.

When they weren't taking in the wonders of nature, and of its many inhabitants all around them, the pair also did something they never truly tired of: bantering. The transformation had not diminished their love for one another, even if it had substantially altered the arrangement. They talked about their old life, and the new sensations of their bodies, and teased one another back and forth, often in ways that were simultaneously embarrassing and endearing. One day, while walking in the shadow of a red mountain pass that gave some much-desired shade, Brock decided to tease his lover about their lustful escapades earlier that morning.

'You know, my gorgeous mare -'

'Still not used to being called that, Brock.'

'I couldn't help but notice that you seem to be having even more orgasms lately. You were certainly whinnying fairly loudly when I fucked you this morning.'

Lenna snorted. She kicked a rock idly in the direction of her stallion, but missed completely. Hooves were no substitute for hands, she'd found, or even human feet. Still, they were fairly hardy.

'You were quite . . . vigorous. That was all.'

'Yes, but you like vigorous. You know, it's only been two weeks, but I'm really starting to get why dudes get all obsessed with their own manhoods and sizes and trip out on their testosterone and all that. I really feel it. The power, the intensity of being a man. Well, a male, at least. It feels like I chose the right spirit.'

'Lucky you.'

'You're not happy as Lenna? You seem happy when I've got this huge cock inside you. Very happy.' He made a snorting sound that was their equivalent of laughter, and brushed against his mate.

'Oh, you're incorrigible!' Lenna said. 'Give a woman a cock and now he's master of the earth! Meanwhile, I can feel this little foal growing inside me all the time!'

'I know! Isn't it exciting! It's already been two weeks. I can't wait to see you with a pregnant belly.'

Lenna exhaled, continued to trot forward. *'Lucky for me it won't be too pronounced as a horse. Oh, but I bet I'll feel it, especially at the end. You have better be the most supportive partner on earth, Brock.'*

'I promise to be the stallion my beautiful pregnant mare requires.'

Lenna 'laughed.' *'This is such a power trip for you.'*

'Just a little one. Plus, it's really cute that my boyfriend is carrying my baby. Who would have thought I'd have such a committed guy! I'm the luckiest horse around.'

'But, if you'll permit me to change the conversation to one that doesn't involve the fact that I'm literally growing a foal in this annoyingly horny mare body of mine, I'll be you're not the fastest horse around.'

Brock paused mid-trot and turned her large head in Lenna's direction. *'Oh? To that tree then? The one about five hundred yards away?'*

'You're on, stallion.'

'What are the terms?'

Lenna shook her flanks a little, overcome with heat. *'Okay, you're probably already circling me with that damned scent I give off, so how about this: if you win, you can mount me, because I can't fight how much I fucking need you to jizz inside me.'*

'Fuck yeah,' Brock said, cock already stirring from its sheath. *'And if you win?'*

'If I win, you still get to mount me, because God I need it bad. God help me, I'm craving that big horse cock alright. But you have to nuzzle me like you did last night, it was damn comforting because this pregnancy has my hormones all over the place.'

'Deal.'

'Also I get bragging rights for winning while pregnant.'

'Double deal.'

'Excellent, now get ready. Get set. How, what's that-GO!'

Lenna took off at a hastened pace, with Brock behind after that sly distraction.

'CHEATER!' he called, laughing. Running like the wild beasts they were was now one of their absolute favourite pastimes, and both felt the utter freedom of nature in their movements. Lenna surged ahead, surprising Brock. He was more powerful though, and began to catch up. He was looking forward to overtaking her and mounting his mare. In fact, he was already looking forward to seeing Lenna swollen with foal, and going into labor, and birthing their first child. It was such a magnetic image, even knowing that Lenna was struggling to adjust to such a responsibility. A permanent one, at that.

Which was why Brock lowered his speed deliberately, pulling back just in time for Lenna to win. The female horse cheered, jumping up and down in great galloping leaps around the tree.

'Victory! Victory!' she cried. *'Even as a gal - a horse gal at that - I've still got it. Suck it, Brock!'*

Brock just laughed, nuzzled against his mate. *'You more than earned it, my love. Well done. Looks like I'm not used to this stallion body, still.'*

'Well, this mare has still got some hot moves,' Lenna bragged. *'Why don't I show them to ya while you mount me? Fuck, it's still such a weird thing to demand.'*

'Not really,' Brock answered, positioning himself around her backside, where her tail was already rising to give him access. *'Not for a woman. And as someone who used to be a woman, there's no need to be embarrassed, love. Just enjoy the pleasure.'*

Lenna exhaled, then nodded for Brock to mount her. *'You know what? I think I will. Now get that dick in me. This whole 'in heat' thing is no joke.'*

'Your wish is my command, hot stuff.'

Brock mounted her, and mounted her hard. This time, Lenna didn't even try to hide her mental moans of pleasure, nor her actual whinnys either. It was a good first step in accepting this part of her new life more fully, even if that growing bubble in her belly was less certain.

Lenna's belly began to swell. She tried to ignore it at first, continuing to race alongside her partner, and talk until they fell asleep beneath the brilliant canvas of stars, and participate in all manner of wonderful distractions. But she couldn't ignore what was only getting bigger. As a large breed of horse, the subtle swell in her belly was not immediately noticeable to her lover, but she certainly *felt* heavier, and with that heaviness came a slight lethargy. She still surged with more energy than she even had as a fit man, but it was tempered in comparison to Brock, who burst with it each day . . . especially when he continued to mount her.

Thankfully, at least, there was no morning sickness. Oh, sure, a minor bout of nausea early on, but that had dissipated very rapidly - perhaps *because* her pregnancy was so magically rapid. The only major symptom beyond the swelling her belly was the incredible increase in her hunger, which had risen voraciously. Brock was excited about it.

'Feeding on the grass again, my love? I would have thought you done? Or is this because you're eating for two, now?'

'I think you know well that I'm eating for two, babe. After all, you did this to me. Now go fetch me those wild fruit I like. I can't reach them like you can, not while I'm starting to lug this weight around.'

'Anything for my mate.'

'Oh, and rub my ankles later. And run and get me some ice cream for my cravings. And help me pick up stuff on the ground, I can't bend down anymore.'

Brock snorted with amusement. *'You were born to play the part of a pregnant woman, my sexy mare.'*

It was humour like that which allowed Lenna to play off her worries. Still, as one month of pregnancy turned to two months, the changes got ever more rapid. Her movement slowed, and her belly was visibly distended, hanging lower. Her libido was not as strong,

which only meant that Brock mounted her twice a day instead of four or five times. To her embarrassment, her udder had come out of hiding. Where before her teats were flat and hidden, barely registered in her mind, now they had started to swell, the future milk bag beginning to produce just such a substance in preparation for the events one month from now. Brock had noticed that fairly quickly, but she had ruled it out as a subject for at least another week.

'We are totally not discussing how your boyfriend - well, former boyfriend - now has a goddamn udder between his - her - legs. I didn't even think about nursing!'

'Well, you'll be doing a lot of it.'

'Hey! I said no talking, at least not for a week. It feels . . . weird. And also - ngh!'

'The foal?'

'Yep. The foal. God, what even is my life?'

That was the other thing, the one that was most significant of all: the foal was now big and developed enough inside Lenna's womb that it was now often kicking, shifting about, and pushing against the confines of her swollen belly. It had made the pregnancy suddenly so real, and that alone was quite frightening . . . and exciting. Lenna had first felt it when she'd been all alone on the plains one morning while Brock went for a morning sprint. She had felt the first little kick, and for a moment didn't realise what it was. Then, it happened again. And again. And suddenly it became obvious to her that there truly was life in her womb, and it was growing and developing and it was entirely dependent on *her*. That she now had the power to create life within her, from nothing but seed. It had been a beautiful revelation that reduced her to a blubbling mess in the conversation that followed when Brock got back. The proud stallion was simply a celebrating father-to-be, a role he hadn't expected but had taken charge of as much as he ever had when he'd been Britney.

But as beautiful as it was, the damn thing also had a habit of moving about quite often, and this miracle of life was also active enough to be a distraction at times.

'You know,' Lenna said, *'I had a dream last night.'*

'Was I coming out of a big cake again?'

'What? Oh, no. No, I was a man again. And you were a woman. And we were having magnificent sex. And then you turned into a big stallion and I was a big mare pregnant with a foal, but that dream is still going on and I swear it has to end some time so that - nghh!'

Another stirring of the foal within her.

'I'm sorry, sweetie,' she said to her own belly, turning her head around to see it from her right eye. *'Mommy didn't mean that.'*

'Awww,' Brock replied. *'Already the beautiful broodmother!'*

'You know, we don't have to say the 'brood' bit.'

'Does that mean you don't want to be bred again?'

Lenna snorted. *'Let me consult my preggo hormones? Hmm, lemme see. Oh yeah, I'm horny as hell right now. Just be gentle, okay?'*

'As much as my cock allows, babe.'

Brock mounted his mate carefully, and began to thrust. Lenna moaned, whinnying with excitement. *'At least the p-preggo sex feels e-even better s-somehow! OOhhhhh!!'*

Lenna was near due by her own counting of the stars. It was the only way to keep track of time, though she suspected the passing of the seasons would give them a rough knowledge of how many years would pass, in the future. Years. It was impossible to conceive of, though she would *certainly* be conceiving. It was strange to think that the foal that now occupied far too much space inside her womb and restricted her movement would just be the first of *thousands*. She tried not to think about that, and instead focused on resting languidly beneath the sun. Brock had gone off to fetch her more wild fruit, an act that made her love him all the more. For as much as he got off a little on teasing her, he had provided for her at every turn, and nuzzled her lovingly as they slept against one another. She couldn't ask for a more supportive mate. In that way, Brock had not changed at all from Britney.

The very pregnant mare was breathing slowly, practically meditating in the beautiful valley as her foal squirmed once more.

'Shh, settle, little one. God, settle. Bad enough I'm going to give birth to an entire fucking horse soon! No need to try and speedrun that result. I'll keep you in until I feel ready, thank you very much. That might be a thousand years at my rate, though. Brock has it so easy, it's a good thing he's an amazing stallion!'

Just then there was movement among the trees, and she stood excitedly.

'Finally, Brock, I'm glad you returned! You've no idea how much this pregnancy craving is kicking my hot horse ass right now. I swear I'd let you mount me for a whole year if it meant I could eat some nice, juicy -'

She stopped her mental 'conversation' when she realised that the horse that emerged from the treeline, while a stallion, was certainly not Brock. It had a dark brown coat, and was now a plainwalker breed: too small in frame, and its snout was longer in proportion. Its hair was less rugged, especially around the hooves. It was the first regular horse Lenna had seen.

'H-hello? I don't actually know if other horses can hear me . . .'

The stallion shifted forward, sniffing the air. Lenna's horse eyes widened as she realised with a dread terror that she was still, thanks to Nym's magical trickery, emanating the pungent scent of a mare in heat, regardless of how completely pregnant she was. The

stallion galloped forward, surprising her. It sniffed at her backside, and she kicked out in shock, nearly knocked it back. But her ability to move quickly was hindered by the near-fully developed foal that was still awake inside her.

'Get back! Only one stallion gets to fuck this mare, and you're too small!'

But evidently, the stallion didn't agree. It wasn't *that* small, after all, and its cock was out of its sheath, clearly hungry to mate with this new horse. Lenna was briefly terrified, and for a moment she considered how to make it exceedingly clear that this mare was not any stallion's floozy.

And then *her* stallion arrived.

Brock burst through the treeline at a full gallop, and he did not say a word at first. Instead he pushed the other stallion away with his hooves, showing a display of dominance that utterly captivated the heavily pregnant mare. Lenna turned, shifting as fast as she could with the foal in her belly, and witnessed an incredible sight before her: two stallions fighting over a mare. They leapt up on their hind legs, kicking out with an impressive fury. Brock was larger, but the stallion's pride was on the line, and it clearly wanted Lenna. As much pleasure as it had brought her, she was momentarily angry that her body was so damn intent on remaining in heat: she didn't want to signal *other* stallions! But all frustrations fell away as she beheld the sight of *her* stallion fight off the other. He was incredible, and her heart swelled to see how aggressive Brock was. He'd always been feisty and determined as a woman, but now he was *her protector*. He was fighting for *her*. She couldn't look away.

Brock, for his part, was furious. How dare this lone stallion interfere with *his* mate? How dare this 'new kid on the block' try to mount her, when that was *his* right? Lenna was already deeply pregnant, still struggling with her new role, and Brock was doing everything in his power to make her more comfortable while still preserving their old bantering relationship, and now *this* stallion tries to make her uncomfortable? When she could be going into labor at any moment?

Brock couldn't stand for this. He overwhelmed the other horse in a barrage, kicking out in a violent fury and pressing the horse back again and again. Brock was bigger thanks to his new plainwalker form, but it was his righteous fury that really allowed him to get the true advantage. He leaned into his territorial instincts, his protective instinct as well to that of his mate-for-life. The other stallion stood no chance at all. After a brief, violent confrontation, it retreated. Brock threatened to give chase, and then it was gone beyond the line of hills.

The stallion immediately turned. *'Are you alright, my mate? Lenna, are you okay?'*

Lenna moved straight to him and pressed her head lovingly against his. She held it there for some time, feeling the pulse of his blood, the tremor of his heart echoing throughout his body, and waited for him to calm a little.

'I'm alright now, Brock. Thanks to you. You were . . . you were fucking incredible.'

'I don't know what came over me. I saw you in trouble and this beast just came over me. I've never felt something like that before.'

'I could tell. You were wild, babe. It was actually pretty hot. Thanks for saving me. I totally would have fought him off, but I wanted you to have a bit of a win.'

Brock snorted with laughter. *'Oh, I needed the win, did I?'*

'Well, maybe not. But I'm super pregnant right now, seriously. So that was the only reason I wasn't like a kung-fu horse out there.'

Another snort. *'I believe you, Lenna.'*

'Still, it was amazing. Thank you. I was momentarily worried. And it was really hot to my silly mare instincts, too. Really hot. I feel like a very protected mare right now.'

'Well, we mate for life, right? That's what I intend to do.'

Brock's cock hardened, and he felt that desire come over him again. In the aftermath of that high-adrenaline fight, he experienced the primal desire to 'claim' the mate he'd just won. *'How about it?'* he said. *'Now that I've won you as my mare from that interloper, why don't you let me claim you for good?'*

Lenna was about to eagerly agree - she couldn't get that masculine sight of two horses fighting over her out of her mare brain - when suddenly her tail lifted automatically and she peed a great torrent out onto the ground.

'Well, that's one kind of enthusiasm,' Brock said.

'I don't know what came over me! Oh God, it's so much! This damn foal is on my b-bladder.'

Brock was about to give a lighthearted joke, when suddenly that Animal Studies Major knowledge leapt into his head. *'Wait, more than usual? And you didn't feel like you needed to go?'*

'Trust me, I always need to go, but I feel it. God, this is fucking embarrassing.'

Brock drew up next to Lenna. *'Babe, don't freak out, but I don't think you just peed. I think that was your water breaking.'*

Lenna froze. *'Oh. Oh God! Oh shit, it's happening?'*

'I think it's happening. Don't worry, I'm right here with you.'

'You better be, I'm freaking out he-nnghhh! Oh, God, that f-felt like a - NGHHGH!!'

Brock circled his mate, feeling a little useless. He nuzzled against her repeatedly, pressing his forehead against hers. *'You can do this, Lenna. I know I've always been the take-charge one, but you have always been my rock. The one I cling to. You can do this.'*

'If f-feels p-pretty not fun!'

'I know, but think of the foal you're making. Think of the baby we're going to have. Our first little foal of many.'

Lenna exhaled sharply as another contraction ran through her body. Her belly felt so swollen and heavy with her baby, and worse, her udder was likewise swollen significantly. She could practically *feel* filling with more milk, inflating with produce for her coming foal.

'M-maybe don't mention h-how many other thousands of f-fucking foals I'm going to h-have while I'm still - eurgh! - struggling with th-this one!'

'Oh, yeah. Good point. Sorry. But you're doing well! Do you need to push yet?'

Lenna shot him a look and whinnied in annoyance. *'God, you've become a total male already! I'm s-still dilating, I th-think. But - oh God! - it's happening fast. So f-fucking fast. This is so damn humiliating.'*

'It's perfectly natural for a mare, Lenna. You can do this.'

'A mare that used to be m-man! God, I'm really gonna do this, aren't I? I'm going to push a whole fucking horse out of my vagina. A vagina, I'll remind you, that I definitely should not have!'

The contractions continued, and Lenna continued to wait them out, often cussing and complaining, stamping her hooves on the ground, and generally being irritable. After just a couple of minutes, she felt the need to lie down on her side for the upcoming arrival. This, she knew, was part of the foaling process. Brock was endlessly patient with her, particularly since he really did feel sorry for his love. Yes, he believed Nym that they had ended up in the right bodies, but he knew that Lenna's male pride still existed, and that it was a hard thing to accept a fate giving birth to horses for the rest of your life, let alone for someone that used to be male and never worried about birth at all. Still, he was proud of Lenna. His mare was in pain: the pressure and discomfort and agony of birth was not spared her, but he knew she was strong and could endure it. It was her role, her destiny, after all. It was more embarrassed than anything that made the former male upset.

'I c-can't stand the p-pain,' she said, raising her head from the ground for a moment before resting it back down. *'Even if it's - ohhhhh - p-pretty painful! But it's j-just so weird. I'm h-having f-fucking contractions, babe!'*

'I know. I know, Lenna. I wish I could do more.'

'J-just stay with me. And don't, you know, l-look back. UGH!!'

Thankfully, labor for a horse is not nearly as elongated as it is for humans. Lenna struggled for just twenty minutes or so - at least Brock assumed, it was hard to tell - when suddenly the overwhelming urge to push came over her.

'Shit! Here it comes! I n-need to push! My body is telling me to p-push!'

'Do it, love! You're gonna be the best goddamn broodmare around. Do it, my mate!'

Strangely, Brock's words encouraged her. She wanted to please her virile mate, and it allowed her to rally. Lenna bore down with all her equine might. She spread her powerful legs, lifted her tail, and pushed. Pushed. Pushed. The pain was not great. In fact, she was

shocked how little there was compared to what she knew women would obviously go through. But the discomfort, the strangeness - *that* was still overwhelming.

'Oh F-FUCK! I really, really miss having a GODDAMN PENIS right now! AGHH! It's m-moving! I can f-feel it! Holy shit holy shit holy shit I can feel it sliding out of m-me! I'm there! I'm - OHHHH!!'

The foal emerged from her vagina, its immense form sliding out with each great heave from Lenna's exertions. Then, as quickly as it had emerged from her dilated passage, it was freed. She whinnied in relief as the first of her foals - the first, she knew bitterly, of many more - was now out of her. She stirred, governed by a strange instinct. She knew not to disturb the umbilical cord: it would detach naturally. What she needed was to lick her new foal. She couldn't explain it, didn't even want to try. She shifted, still tired, and began to nuzzle and comfort her young one.

'I said you could do it,' Brock said, the stallion a proud father.

She looked up at him, then continued to lick her foal clean. *'Thank you, my love. You were my rock too. You still are. But if you tease me for a single second - ever - about licking my own damn vagina juices off my foals, then you can kiss my mare ass goodbye.'*

'I wouldn't ever dream of it. You're acting like a good mother should.'

That complement made her beam, as did the sight of her newborn foal. It was gorgeous, even with its wet, dark fur. Its coat looked brownish, though it had that same speckling of black on its underside that she had, mingled with some of Brock's white. It was a little girl. *Her* little girl.

'I did it,' Lenna said. For all the humiliation of the pregnancy, of the wounds to her male pride, in that moment she felt nothing but love for her newborn, and for her stallion. She looked up at him. *'I did it, love. Holy shit, I just did that.'*

'You did, my love. I'm so proud of you.'

They argued over what to name their new daughter foal, but strangely it was Lenna that was insistent that they didn't. They were wild beings now, after all, and horses had no need of names, except for their as the new God and Goddess of the plainswalker kind. And in the end this had felt right: it did not diminish their love for their foal, but they recognised that as horses, their kinship would not be the same as a human parent to their children. Instead, the bond of love that was established between mother and foal was in the act of nursing, which Lenna was a little awkward about initially, until finally the need for it became too obviously evident.

'Gah! This damn milk bag is so full. Go on, young one. Get in there. Please! How long do - ooh, that f-feels good - how long do mares even nurse for, Brock?'

'Artificially? About five months. In the wild, about nine.'

Lenna snorted. *'So basically what you're saying is that I'll literally never not be nursing at my rate?'*

'Yeah, sorry about that. That's a, well, that's a lot of milk.'

'And I'll be rotating at least three foals at a time. God, it's a good thing it feels nice and relaxing. But damn, when I'm about to burst it's something else, I tell you! Never thought I'd have tits, sort of.'

'Yeah, I kind of miss mine sometimes.'

'Do you want my udder?'

Brock chuckled mentally. *'Hard pass, lover girl. Besides, it's adorable to watch you feed our little daughter.'*

Lenna looked down at the ground, feeling more than a little sheepish. Indeed, there was something so wonderfully warm and maternal about nursing her foal. She loved her so much already, and recognised that this brown-furred little thing would need protection and bonding for over a year, during which she would have several siblings by then - that part was crazy for Lenna to think of. Birth was still fresh in her memory, as well as the lethargy of pregnancy. Yet while she wasn't exactly anticipating the moment she'd be knocked up all over again - despite knowing that it was utterly inevitable - she found herself missing the feeling of life stirring in her belly, of the kicks of a foal as it developed in her. Those moments when she'd laid on her side, relishing the maternal nature of her new form, of literally creating new life from the ashes of an extinct race . . . it was something she found herself thinking of more than she'd ever admit over the following days.

'It's almost like I want to get pregnant again. Sheesh! You were already hard enough to deal with, little one. Though I suppose if I have to feed a foal on my udder, having two on my at once wouldn't be too bad, would it?'

Her equine daughter simply sucked more milk from her, and the soothing sensation seemed like an affirmation of what Lenna had said.

'Yeah, it wouldn't be. Though I think I'll have some down time first. As much as I can get.'

She was bound to be a little disappointed. It was only four days after giving birth for the first time, something Lenna still couldn't believe she'd done, when the new mare realised something was wrong. Her horse vagina was fully healed, no doubt magically aided by her unnatural state, and part of her was even hoping that Nym might visit just to give her a chance to turn back, or at least renegotiate the contract. Instead, the mare of just three months felt a familiar tingling in her loins. A hungry need in her massive pussy, one that

dreadfully needed filling. She'd had a small break from her near-endless estrus, but now it had returned, with an absolute vengeance.

'Oh God,' she 'said.'

'What is it, my love?' Brock said, who was eating grass nearby.

'I'm - ahhh - I think I'm in heat again. Already.'

'What? Really? Hang on, I think I can smell it.' The powerful stallion sniffed the air, and indeed caught the delightful scent of her mate's estrus. Her cock stirred in its sheath, growing hard and extending out. *'Wow, that is a magnificent scent.'*

'Oh no! I need a break! I'm a new mom - wow, is that still weird to say! I just gave birth four days ago. Four days ago! At least give me a month before making me all fertile again! It was weird enough the first time!'

But Brock was utterly caught in the spell of that magnificent scent, and his own need to breed his mate was rising. The thought of impregnating Lenna again so soon was undeniably sexy. As a woman, he'd loved taking the initiative in sex, and being the dominant one. Now, there was nothing so powerfully dominating as being the one to literally mount, penetrate, and *breed* his partner, even if his partner wasn't quite embracing her fertile role as much as Brock had.

'Lenna, my love. My gorgeous mate, I think it's time again.'

'Oh, you would think that, wouldn't you? You get the easy part!'

'Hey, that's just my role. Besides,' he said as he drew his mouth right up to her ears, in an imitation of a sensual whisper they could no longer practically achieve. *'I'll make it worth your while. Don't you want to be knocked up with my foals again?'*

'OOhhhh f-fuck. That does sound good. You are so manipulative.'

'You love it.'

'Oversexed stallion.'

'Overfertile mare.'

'Hot horse cock.'

'Tight, wet pussy.'

'Mmmhmm,' the mare moaned. She licked her nostrils, panted as she assumed what she now thought of as 'the stance.' *'Little one is feeding at the m-moment. My udder is about to burst and it w-won't be long before she needs a f-feed. You better knock me up quick.'*

'I'll knock you up hard, how about that?'

Lenna whinnied in arousal. In that moment, she knew she was going to get pregnant with another mare. It was, after all, going to happen regardless. As Brock mounted her, found his purchase, and rammed his enormous equine dick right into her gaping tunnel, she truly wanted nothing else. In its estrus, her body craved getting bred. She was happy to

throw caution to the wind and just let nature take its course. She was her stallion's mare, all things considered, and so it seemed only right.

'I w-want your foals!' she whimpered as he thrust and bucked. 'I want your f-foals! Put them in m-me! I have to b-birth more! My instincts are c-crazy! Ohhhhh!'

'I'll put as many in you as I can, my love, my mate. For all the hundreds of years to come.'

And with that, he came, and gushes of his horse seed flooded her womb, ensuring she would continue to be the broodmother she was destined to be. Brock was very, very pleased. Enough so that after Lenna had fed their daughter from her overfull udder, he fucked her all over again.

It was heaven.

It was fifteen years later, and Lenna's estrus had never ended, as she was currently, *painfully aware*. Her fertile mare body had been incredibly productive over the years. Every three months she bore a new foal into the world, and on the rare occasion even managed twins. Just as Nym had promised, her body had remained incredibly fertile and at its peak physical condition without change, ensuring that she was always capable of being impregnated. Her udder was perpetually full, and it was rare not to have one of her gorgeous foals suckling from her, very often two at the same time. And yet, even now, with her body three months along into pregnancy, the equivalent of being nine months along for a human woman or twelve months for a regular horse, she still felt that overwhelming tingling in her loins. A desire to be fucked.

'I can smell your heat from here, my love,' came a 'voice' in her mind.

Lenna shifted, and without even meaning to she automatically whinnied in excitement. *'Oh Brock, thank God. Or the spirits, or whatever. You have no idea how horny I suddenly am.'*

'Oh, I have a good idea, babe. As horny as the last time you were this pregnant? Or the time before that? Or the many times before that?'

If Lenna could have blushed she would have. Instead, she looked down at the grassy plain she had just been eating from, until her recent sexual distraction.

'Well, if that damned Nym hadn't made my body so demanding, maybe I wouldn't have this problem.'

Brock grinned - well, *mentally* grinned, at least. The stallion loved his new life completely. The fresh air, the gorgeous landscapes, the simple living, and the freedom from so much of human life's burdens. And he was doing a good thing, helping repopulate a

species from extinction. But he also loved that he was the male in the relationship. The power and pleasure that came from mounting Lenna - especially when she had recently given birth and was immediately and magically renewed, ready to be impregnated again - was astounding. He loved breeding his gorgeous, submissive mare, and he knew that she loved it as well. Still, he also had to recognise it was a far greater burden, particularly when labor came on.

'Well, I can take care of this problem, if you want,' Brock teased, rubbing his powerful flank against hers. One of the foals shifted position beneath Lenna, but the other ran off, having had the fill it needed. Lenna gave a sharp exhale at the lovely feeling of release.

'I can deal with it,' Lenna said stubbornly.

'You literally just said how happy you were to see me because you're so horny.'

'I just wanted . . . the company. Besides, I'm still nursing at the moment. I have to take care of the little ones first.'

Another mental grin from Brock. *'I love how maternal you are, my love. I know you still occasionally struggle with your role in all of this, and I understand that completely, but you do so well by our foals. You're a fantastic mother.'*

Lenna whinnied a little. *'Thanks, Brock. That actually means a lot.'*

The other foal detached, brushed against its mother, and went to join its sibling further along the field. She watched them go with a little bit of longing, though it felt good to be drained . . . for now. She was always making a prodigious reserve of milk, after all. And by Nym's account, she always would be.

'So, are we down for fucking?' Brock said, brushing up against Lenna's flank again. He noticed that her tail was already rising, her stance widening to receive him.

'Oh f-fine. Not like I can ever resist it, anyway. Stupid mare body. Always pregnant.'

'You love it.'

'No, I really don't. Okay, that's not true. I love parts of it.'

Another brush across her flanks. Brock found the scent of Lenna's estrus utterly intoxicating, but didn't make a move yet, even as his immense cock stirred from its sheath and became incredibly erect. He loved to tease his loving mate first.

'Such as?'

'Well . . . God, it's always so embarrassing admitting this. You know I love being bred by you. Even fifteen years later, I still get a bit weirded out by it, but I love it so much. You're so . . . big.'

'Damn straight, lover. And I know how to use it too. I'm going to be using it on you in just a moment.'

Lenna shivered. The need to breed was only rising, despite the fact that she was already obviously pregnant with a foal.

'And - ahh, God, I need to be fucked. Can we do this now, and then talk a-about it afterwards?'

'Not until you tell me,' Brock replied, practically giggling.

Lenna could have cursed him. He knew how to push all her buttons. Even as a human man, she'd loved to be dominated during sex, and in the lead up to it as well. Now as a mare, not only was it no different, it felt even more powerful an instinct. Like a submission before a mate. And he loved it all the more.

'F-fine. I love being bred. And when my f-foals stir and kick and move inside m-me, it's incredible, alright? I s-sometimes wish you could feel it. It's amazing, feeling life grow within you and - ohhh, God I need your horse cock - and know that you're m-making that life, and nursing it. Oh, and the n-nursing is really relaxing too. Like m-meditating.'

'See? I knew you loved this new life!'

Lenna managed to roll her eyes. Between the two of them, they still had some human gestures that remained. *'Okay! Fine! You got me! I do love it. Most of it. But, God, I'm always pregnant. I think I've had like forty days of not being pregnant in fifteen years. That first four day break was a fluke! The rest have all been a single day. And birth is always . . . birth.'*

'You do so well with it, my mate.'

'I know. I have to. Not like I have a choice! I can't not be always horsing around-'

"That was terrible."

"Trotting along?"

"Okay, that one wasn't bad.'

Lenna puffed herself up a little. She positioned her stance a bit wider. The need to be penetrated was borderline unbearable by this point. Other horses, once bred, got the benefit of their heat ending. Not so for her. She was so boundlessly fertile that her estrus flared up even when almost ready to give birth. It was a good thing her body was strong enough to safely take Brock's massive horse cock and bear his overall weight during those times - a magical enhancement courtesy of Nym, no doubt.

'I know I sound ridiculous. It's been fifteen years, I should be used to it by now. But I think a small part of me will always be a bit male, and always have an occasional flare up where I think about how weird and strange my life now is. You have no idea how odd it is, going from a guy who never expected to carry a child, to one that now is forced to push out a foal every three months. Or foals. God, why does the thought of carrying twins again make me so hot?'

'Because as much as I know it's awkward and a little embarrassing at times, to be this wonderful broodmother, at the end of the day I know you love it, Lenna. Besides, you know how cute you are pregnant.'

'Even cuter than me at the beach wearing boardshorts, back in the day?'

'Even cuter.'

Lenna sighed, and gave in. Her body wouldn't give her much choice, but in truth she was also very keen for the act. Her foal shifted within her, getting comfortable, and that alone made her a little happier. She might never totally get used to life stirring within her - or at least not for a hundred years - but it still managed to bring her a strong delight that overrode any lingering male sensibilities.

'Okay, let's just get this over with, then,' she said sarcastically.

'Nah. Never mind. I've decided to find another horse mate instead. A more enthusiastic one.'

'Hey! You can't do this! I'll go gaga if you don't fuck me! Arrogant horsedick.'

'Lustful pussy.'

'Sexy stallion.'

'Gorgeous mare.'

'Damn good cock.'

'Utterly breedable.'

Lenna shivered, her flanks shaking. *'No fair. You know that calling me 'utterly breedable' is like a cheat code for me. It makes these mare instincts light up like crazy.'*

'And you know that I like it when your instincts make you all submissive.'

Lenna turned, turned her gaze on her stallion. Brock was powerful, muscles rippling, his mane glorious. *'Please mount me. I really want to be fucked by your big horse cock, my mate.'*

'That's more like it!'

Brock did the deed, mounting her very pregnant body. She could take it, and certainly had thousands of times over the last fifteen years. More than once, their sex had actually *triggered* labor, particularly on those odd times she was 'overdue' by a couple of days. They were constantly at it, and she felt no embarrassment even when humans took photos of them, or recorded them in the act. They were wild horses after all, and the world was astonished to find out that a 'hidden' herd had managed to evade detection for hundreds of years, only to emerge in the south-west. They were highly protected, but true to Nym's words they were never impeded, and able to migrate along the preserved lands, and no one ever suspected - or possibly were even able to suspect - that a pair of ageless horses were continually birthing the herd back to life. They were an equine Adam and Eve, their children able to interbreed without concern of genetic issues, to the point where scientists assumed that the herd was made of numerous gene pools, instead of just one.

Of course, almost all of them came from Lenna still, and it filled her with great pride now to be bringing this race back almost solely. She moaned and whinnied as Brock thrust

into her again and again. The pleasure was always wonderful, and somehow even better the more pregnant she was. When he finally came, she nearly bucked him off she was so overcome with pleasure. Brock was pleased: he was always glad to see his mate shiver with multiple orgasms.

'Holy cow - or horse - I really needed that.'

'I always need that. I feel like these last fifteen years have really taught me about being a man.'

Lenna laugh-snorted. *'Well, by that measure I've learned everything there is about being a woman. Exhibit A, my super pregnant belly.'*

Brock nuzzled up against her, feeling that protective instinct. *'And I'm so proud of you, my love.'*

'Awww, you made it genuine and ruined it.'

They shared a tender 'forehead kiss', as they now referred to it. They stayed that way for some moments, both very much still in love, and Lenna enjoying the gentle stirring of the foal in her belly. And then the silence was broken by a loud cough.

Both of them shifted on their hooves to see the interloper. It was not some human trying to get their attention, as they occasionally saw from adventurous hikers. No, the half-animal, half-human, ever-shifting form standing twenty or so feet away could only be Nym, the spirit who had changed them in the first place.

"My, my, it's good to see you both after so little time!"

'It's been fifteen years!' Brock exclaimed.

"Pah! No time at all. But my, how you have adapted in so short a span. Lenna, you look positively glowing with that newest pregnant bump of yours. Tell me, how many foals have you birthed for our wonderful plainswalker herd?"

'Too many to recall,' Brock answered, but then looked to Lenna as she answered the exact number with a clear certainty in her feminine voice.

'Seventy three,' she said easily, before looking back at Brock. *'What? I'm a broodmother. It's literally the job this annoying spirit tricked me into. I figure I might as well put the effort into keeping count!'*

The trickster laughed. *"And what a good job you've done! You look ready to push this next one out. And your magnificent stallion ready to put another into you."*

'Yeah, I'm permanently pregnant. Trust me, I'm well aware. What do you want?'

Nym drew closer, a smile on the being's features. *"Oh, nothing at all. I thought I'd just come by and offer you the chance to turn back."*

'WHAT!?' the pair said as one. Brock continued, *'You said this was permanent.'*

"I may have exaggerated. Technically, it becomes permanent when you make the decision right before you, now. Consider it the final hopping across the threshold. Would you

be willing to go back? If so, I can grant it. I hope you don't, but I must offer the choice. It's how the old magic works.'

Brock and Lenna exchanged a glance.

'Turn back?' Brock said. 'I won't lie, Lenna, I truly don't want to. I feel more free and wonderful as this stallion god than I ever did as a woman. But I know you have a harder role than I do. You've been getting knocked up, dealing with pregnancy, and pushing out foals for fifteen straight years, and our lives will only have you do that for centuries if we stay. I won't make the decision for us.'

Lenna didn't say anything. Her mind was deep in thought. The idea of being human again, of being a *man* again, it was so deeply tempting. But even as she thought about it, her two newest foals returned to her, darting beneath her gravid body to pull at her teats. She tensed as they latched, and then there was the wonderful trickle of milk as they began to nurse once more. She turned her long neck to look at them, and that undeniable love swelled in her once more.

'I'll stay, thank you very much,' she said.

Brock snorted in shock. Nym even looked a little shocked.

"You are certain?"

'Yeah, babe, are you certain?'

But Lenna simply shifted, giving better access to her udder for her foals. Her unborn child stirred in her belly, only half-asleep, and it gave her the courage to finally admit what she'd been struggling to for so long.

'I am. I like this life too. I love it, in fact. I love you, my stallion, and I love the freedom of the plains. So what if I'm always pregnant, and I have to push out a foal every four months. It's just a bit of pain and discomfort. Every one of my foals is worth it, and I can't help but love them too. I can't say I'm still used to it, even fifteen years in, but I wouldn't change back for the world. I even like being pregnant, even if it's damn odd at times. I'm a mare, a broodmother, and my stallion's mate. And I will be for hundreds of years.'

Nym grinned. The being flung its hands out, touching both stallion and mare on their foreheads. *"Then I confirm this blessing upon you both, if Brock too choose to stay."*

'Oh, absolutely,' the stallion said, proudly pressing his flank against his mate. *'Where she goes, I go.'*

Nym flourished his or her or its hands, sending spirals of energy all about. *"Then I give this final blessing, Brock and Lenna. You will always live free upon these plains, bringing more members to your mighty herd. You will be virile, and fertile, for centuries to come, perhaps even millenia. And you will always have each other!"*

Both of them felt it, a final settling of magic upon them. They had made the choice, and now their lives were fully accepted by them both, even if Lenna still had a few little

reservations about it. Nym waved, and then, with just a few words in the Old Tongue that might have signalled 'good luck', the being sank into the ground.

'He'll be back,' Brock said. 'As one of our kind, no doubt, just like he said. Or it, or whatever. I'm so proud of you, babe. You did the right thing, I just know it.'

'Me too. I'm proud to be your mate, and a mother. Birth isn't always cool, and getting woken by a stirring foal in my belly can be annoying, but I wouldn't give it up. I meant what I said: pregnancy is pretty fucking rad at times.'

'Plus, there's also me to like too,' Brock reminded her, nuzzling against his mate. 'I won't ever leave you, either.'

'Good,' she said, nuzzling back against him, 'because - ughhh - my water just broke. Will you be a dear and entertain our littlest ones while I - nnggh - spend half an hour getting this one out. A broodmother's work is never done.'

Brock smiled mentally, joyous to know another one was on their way. *'Nor a stallion's, my love. I'll be sure to get you nice and knocked up tomorrow.'*

'Mhmm, and then we can get the cycle all started again. Sounds lovely.'

And, Lenna realised, it really, really did. Brock helped the young ones away, and turned back just briefly to see his lover go into labor, lowering herself to her side in order to push. He took in that gorgeous sight of his pregnant mare on the plains, giving yet more life to them, and wished that it could last forever.

'Oh that's right,' he mused to himself. 'It actually will.'

And thanks to them, this once-extinct herd would always grow.

The End